

## Johnny and Mollie/ My Horses Ain't Hungry, They Won't Eat Your Hay (Audio)

### Johnny and Mollie

#### AFS 1001 B1

Oh Mollie, Oh Mollie, would you take it unkind, For me to sit by you and tell you my mind.  
For my mind is to marry and never to part, For the first time I saw you, you wounded my heart.

Yes you may be seated, and say what you will, For I've time a plenty, will listen, be still.  
The subject of marriage means much in my life, Should I need a husband and you want a wife.

Oh Mollie consider, for you sure understand, That love now is speaking, Oh heed her command.  
We will ramble together in ways of true love, Until life is past, then renew it all above.

Put your horse in the stable, and feed him some hay, Come and seat yourself by me, so long as you stay.  
For who would be hasty in matters like this, Repent at our leisure and true object miss.

My horse is not hungry and won't eat your hay, So fare you well Mollie, I'll be on my way.  
You take all things so lightly, my heart like a toy, Toss about like a plaything, and count it a joy.

You really surprise me, for all this is new, I need time for thought, and consider your view. I will marry for love or not marry at all, My mate will be waiting and answer my call.

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A meeting is a pleasure but parting is grief, And an inconstant lover is worse than a thief.  
For a thief can but rob you and act like a brave, But an inconstant lover, can lead to the grave.

My heart you have wounded the words will not heal, And this changes all things, you know how I feel.  
When you fall from your high horse and would happy be, So whatever happens just remember me.

The grave, it will rob you and turn you to dust, So where's a fair lady a young man can trust.  
A cuckoo's a pretty bird and sings as she flies, Yes, she brings us glad tidings and tells us no lies.

No doubt.....

*[Note: Recording ends abruptly.]*

### **My Horses Ain't Hungry, They Won't Eat Your Hay**

#### **AFS 1001 B2**

My horses ain't hungry they won't eat your hay, So fare you well Polly, I'll be on my way.  
Your parents don't like me , they say I'm too poor, They say I'm not worthy to darken their door.

I know they don't like you, but why do you care, You know I'm your Polly, you know I'm your dear.  
I know you're my Polly, but I'm not to stay, So go with me darling, we'll speed on our way.

Yes, I will go with you, you're poor I am told, It's your love I'm wanting, not silver and gold.  
We'll load our belongings, we'll drive till we come, To some little cabin, we'll call it our home.

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I hate to leave mama, she treats me so kind, But I'll do as I promised that ....

*[Note: Recording ends abruptly.]*